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CLIVE BARKER'S The HARROWERS RAIN OF BLOOD THE ABYSS



LAST STAND!

DIRECT EDITION



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CLIVE BARKER'S THE HARROWERS RAIDERS OF THE ABYSS

DEATH
AND
RESSURECTION

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MANHATTAN, LOWER WEST SIDE,
THE ABANDONED BLEEKER STREET
HOTEL, BASE OF OPERATIONS FOR
THE HARROWERS. WITH A
FLASH OF LIGHT THE GODDESS
MORTE MAMME APPEARS
AMONG THEM... AND CONFIRMS
THEIR WORST FEARS.

MY
FOLLOWERS,
DUBLIN MORSE
HAS BEEN TAKEN
BY THE CENOBITES.
YOU ARE ONLY
FIVE NOW...

...AND SOON
PERHAPS,
ONLY
THREE.

THE TREMOR IN MORTE
MAMME'S VOICE REVEALS
AN EMOTION UNWORTHY
OF A DIVINITY.

FEAR.

WHAT-- ARE
VERA AND GAGE
IN DANGER? BUT
THEY'RE JUST
TAKING THAT GUY
THEY SAVED FROM
HELL, MARTY,
TO SEE HIS SON.

MARTIN IS NOT THE
MAN I SENT THEM
TO RESCUE. HE IS
A SERIAL KILLER
WHO HAS ALREADY
MURDERED TWICE
SINCE HIS RETURN.

THE
BETRAYALS
HAVE BEGUN.

WHAT'S ALL
THIS MEAN,
MORTE
MAMME?

I DO NOT KNOW
FOR THE FIRST
TIME, I **CANNOT**
SEE THE FUTURE,
A THUNDEROUS
CLOUD OF
MALIGNANCY
CLOAKS MY
POWERS
OF PROPHECY.

THE DEVIL'S PAWN: PART II: DOUBLE EDGED SWORD



ELOQUENTLY PUT,
GODDESS--AND FROM THAT
CLOUD, COMES THE
DARK PRINCE TO
CAST THE FIRST BOLT OF
LIGHTNING!

PINHEAD! WITH
MARTY SEVENARD'S
SWORD.

IS DUBLIN SUCH A
JUDAS THAT HE WOULD MAKE
THIS ANGRY POSSIBLE BY
USING HIS VOICE TO ACTIVATE
THE SWORD?

I'M SURE HE
IS BUT THAT WASN'T
NECESSARY.

BEFORE LOSING
HIS HEARING, MY FAITHFUL
MIMIC LEARNED TO IMITATE
RON RINGWOOD'S VOICE
PERFECTLY.

FREE ACCESS TO
EARTH WHENEVER YOU
PLEASE. SO LONG FROM
PERMISSABLE...

...BUT SO DIFFICULT
TO PREVENT! USING AN OPEN
PORTAL SUCH AS THIS
ALLOWS ME A DIRECT LINK
WITH LEVIATHAN.

HIS RESOURCES
BECOME MINE, AND
MY POWER...

...BECOMES
SOUNDLESS.

CHANNING

CHAINS SPRING FROM THIN
AIR, PINNING THE
HARROWERS TO THE FLOOR.

A SPINNING DIAMOND
OF ENERGY ENCAPS
HELL'S PRINCE—

—AND FROM IT FLY CHARGES
OF TAINTING DESTRUCTION.

K
R
P
K
A
A
K

LEAVE US!
WE ARE
INVULNERABLE
TO YOUR
DARKNESS!



NOT TRUE!
LOSING DUBLIN HAS
WEAKENED YOU!
VERY SOON NOW, VERA
AND GAGE WILL BE
GONE AS WELL...

I SEE THE
FEAR IN YOU,
GODDESS...

...AND
IT FEEDS
ME!

LAY DOWN THE
HARROWER SWORD, PINHEAD.
LAY DOWN THE WEAPON AND I
WILL RETURN WITH YOU TO
HELL AND FIGHT YOU ON
YOUR OWN GROUND.

NO! THE
SWORD REMAINS
WITH ME.

PREPARE TO
DIE,
GODDESS!

REBELLYN, MASSACHUSETTS, THE
HOME OF ERIC AND LISA TAPER.

LOOKS LIKE YOUR
SON'S DONE WELL FOR
HIMSELF, MARTY.

I CAN'T WAIT TO
SEE THE LOOK ON HIS
FACE WHEN HE SEES YOU
AFTER SO LONG.

HE'S
GONNA BE
REALLY
HAPPY.

REBELLYN, MASSACHUSETTS



MOMENTS LATER, LISA ANSWERS THE DOOR...

MY HUSBAND'S
SO EXCITED WHERE
DID YOU GET HIS
PAINTINGS?

OH, I HAVE
SCOUTS IN ALL
THE MAJOR EAST
COAST CITIES.

ERIC TAPE.
THIS IS A RICHMAN
GARRISTER.

NICE TO
MEET YOU

COME
ON IN.

WITH
PLEASURE

...SUCH AN OPEN,
TRUSTING FACE—PITY
BEING RUSHED...

...PEERING
THROUGH THE
EYE-HOLES...

USING A POWER BESTOWED
BY THE GODDESS ON BOTH
ZINC AND GAGE, THE
KITTEN WATCHES THE
STRANGE EXCHANGE, NOT
WITH *HIS* EYES...



...BUT HIS MASTER'S.

SOMETHING WEIRD'S GOING ON.
MARTY'S WEARING A FAKE MUSTACHE,
AND HE'S PRETENDING LIKE HE OWNS
A STORE OR SOMETHING.



WHAT'S HIS
SON SAYING?

IT'S NOT
HIS SON, VERA.
MARTY'S A
BIGGER LIAR
THAN ME.



LOOKS LIKE MARTY
MIGHT BE ONE OF THOSE BOULS
BEST LEFT IN HELL.

ANYTHING
HAPPENS, GAGE,
IT'S GONNA BE
OUR FAULT FOR
LYING TO THE
GODDESS ABOUT
RESCUING
THE WIDOWS
MAN.

SO GET
YOUR BUTT READY
TO SWITCH WITH
ZINC IF THERE'S
TROUBLE.



I WISH WE'D
LEFT MARTY WHERE
WE FOUND HIM.



BACK AT HARBORER HEADQUARTERS,
THE BATTLE RAGES ON.

FROM THE OPEN
PORTAL, A
CONSTANT STREAM
OF ENERGY
INFUSES THE FLEET.

THE SWORD,
PINHEAD, GIVE
ME BACK WHAT
IS RIGHTFULLY
MINE.

I'VE FELT
SUCH PURENESS
OF EVIL ONLY
ONCE BEFORE,
WHEN BATTLING
LEVIATHAN
HIMSELF.

HE WIELDS
THE SACRED
SWORD AS IF HE
KNOWS...

...KNOWS
THE SECRET
OF MY ONLY
WEAKNESS.

ONLY IF YOUR
BODY BECOMES
ITS SHEATH.

SSSSSS
ZZZZZZ
THE MONSTER
LEAVES ME NO
CHOICE!

I MUST UN-
MAKE THAT WHICH
I CREATED!



...SMELL, MY
FEEDLE SERVANT, SMELL THE
MELTING BLADE AND REMEMBER
YOUR DUTY!

DESTROYING
ONE OF YOUR SACRED
WEAPONS?!

SUCH A
DESPERATE
ACT FOR A
GODDESS.

...IT WAS AS I
SUSPECTED...

INTO THE DARK SILENCE OF THE
WIZENED CENOBIOTE'S WORLD
ENTERS THE FLAMES OF MOLTEN
ORE, AND HE REMEMBERS.

THE TWINS' PERFUME WORKS
LIKE A HOMING BEACON.

SAVE US!

GODDESS!



THE GRES DO NOT
GO UNHEEDED.

BUT LEVIATHAN'S FIELD
SUMMERS WITH
RENEWED POWER,
AND BREAKING THROUGH.

...WEAKENS MORTE
MAMME EVEN MORE.

DOUBTLESS
YOU WELCOME
DEATH, PATHETIC
CREATURE.

ZZHHHWWAAHH!



A GODDESSES
DEVOTION—SO
PREDICTABLE.

ENOUGH OF
THE BLADE LEFT
TO DO THE
DEED.

AAAAHHHHH



YOU HAD
REASON TO BE
AFRAID, MORTE
MAMME.

DEATH IS
A STRANGER TO
DIVINITIES.

YOU SHOULD'VE
WORRIED ABOUT
SAVING YOURSELF
RATHER THAN A
PAIR OF BRATTY
HUMANS!



THE GODDESS FALLS.



THE PORTAL CLOSES.

THE ENEMY WITHDRAWS...

... VICTORIOUS!



INSIDE ERIC TAPER'S ART STUDIO,
ANOTHER EVIL IS ABOUT TO STRIKE.

GAGE WATCHES THROUGH
HIS KITTEN'S EYES,
SEIZING THE DANGER,
BUT NOT KNOWING THE
FORM IT WILL TAKE.

THE PLAN MARTIN HAD
AGREED UPON WITH
THE CENOTES WAS
GOING FLAWLESSLY.

FOUR MURDERS WITHIN
THE NEXT TEN MINUTES.
HE FELT GIDDY AT THE
PROSPECT.

ERIC AND HIS WIFE WOULD
BE REVENGE KILLS--
PURE PLEASURE.

AND THEIR SCREAMS WOULD BRING
THE TWO HARROWERS RUNNING.

ALMOST TOO EASY.





THE AX FEELS HEAVY
IN GAGE'S HANDS.

HE BRACES HIMSELF AT
WHAT HE MIGHT FIND.
WHAT MARTY MIGHT
HAVE DONE TO THOSE
NICE PEOPLE...

EEEEEE!!!

BAW
BAW



IT'S
ALL RIGHT,
BABY... IT'S
ALL
RIGHT.

HE'S STILL
ALIVE!

YEAH,
BUT HE'S NOT
GOING ANY-
WHERE.

STUPID
CAT...

HEY--
YOU TWO
OKAY?





WHAT HAPPENED, GAGE?
WHAT'S WRONG?

IT'S
MY FAULT,
VERA... ALL
MY FAULT.

OH, SWEETLY-
NOT LITTLE
ZING.

TOLD
HIM TO JUMP.
BUT THEN
I COULDN'T
SWITCH.



YOU'RE NOT TO
BLAME, GAGE. SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED TO OUR POWERS.

THAT SELM-
BAG MARTY STILL
BREATHING?



BARELY, LISA,
CALL AN AMBULANCE,
AND THE POLICE.



THAT'S
RIGHT CHIEF,
THAT MAN YOU
SAID WAS DEAD
JUST TRIED TO
KILL US.

YES HE'S
LYING HERE-
BLEEDING TO
DEATH.



I PAINTED
THIS SCENE,
MARTIN.
BUT I NEVER
KNEW IF IT WAS
YOU LYING
THERE...

...OR
ME.

WE GOTTA
GET BACK TO THE
OTHERS--FIND
OUT WHAT'S GONE
WRONG.





THE WOUND IS NOT A LETHAL ONE, BUT IT TRAPS ME WITHIN THIS BODY UNTIL FULLY HEALED, MAKING ME VULNERABLE TO FURTHER ATTACKS.

FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS THE DANGER IS GREATEST. I WILL NEED PROTECTION FROM ALL OF YOU.



GOOD. FORM A CIRCLE WITH THE SACRED ROPE. IT WILL CREATE A SAFE SPACE WITHIN WHICH I CAN REST AND REGENERATE.

VERA AND GAGE ARE ON THEIR WAY. THEY SHOULD BE HERE SOON.



BRRP BRRP

NO LUCIA, THEY ARE SEARCHING FOR US. DO NOT ANSWER YOUR PHONE. SPEAK TO NO ONE OUTSIDE OF YOUR FELLOW HARROWERS.



WHEN VERA AND GAGE ARRIVE, SPEAK MY NAME IN UNISON AND I SHALL AWAKEN.

BRRP

YES, MORTE MAMMIE.



NEW YORK CITY.
OUTSIDE PENN STATION.

TAKE US TO PIER 22
AT WEST 17TH... AND I'LL
GIVE YOU TWO EXTRA
BUCKS FOR EVERY RED
LIGHT YOU RUN.

THE GODDESS
FLOATS IN A
TRANCE-LIKE
STATE, HER
SPIRIT
FIGHTING TO
HEAL THE
DAMAGED
HUMAN FORM
WHICH TRAPS
IT.

I'M GOING TO
GET A SANDWICH FROM
THE DELI ON THE CORNER.
WANT ANYTHING?

I'M FINE—
LUCE, WANT A
YOGURT?

AND A
SALAD? I'D
SOON TO
EAT IT WITH
NO THANK
YOU.

BRRP

LUCINDA, DON'T
YOU CARE!

IT COULD
BE VERA AND
GAGE—
MAYBE THEY'RE
LOST.

NO LUCE,
DON'T! MORTE
MAYBE SAID...

BRRP

HELLO? IF
YOU'RE NOT A
HARROWER,
HANG UP.
I CAN'T TALK
TO YOU.

BELOW IN HELL...

THEY'RE STILL
IN THE CITY, PIERZZ ON
THE WEST SIDE.

EXCELLENT.
I'M PLEASED YOU
WISH TO MAKE
YOUR PLEDGE WITH
MORTE MAMME
BEFORE BEGINNING
WORK IN EARNEST
FOR ME.

SHOWS SUCH
STRENGTH OF
CHARACTER.

I JUST
HOPE SHE'LL
SEE ME.

OH SHE WILL,
I'M COUNTING
ON IT.

ABOVE...

...VERA AND GAGE ARRIVE AND
TOGETHER THE HARDLOWERS
AWAKEN THEIR GODDESS.

WHAT
NEWS?

LUCINDA SPOKE TO
DUBLIN ON THE PHONE.
TOLD HIM WHERE WE
WERE.

STUPID
CHILD.

DO YOU NOT
REMEMBER ME
TELLING YOU
THAT HE IS A
GENOBITE
NOW?

HE SAID HE'D
ESCAPED! I THOUGHT
YOU'D WANT HIM HERE
WITH THE REST OF US TO
HELP PROTECT YOU.

I AM STILL
SO WEAK. THE PLOT
AGAINST ME MOVES
TOO QUICKLY.

FORM A CIRCLE
AROUND ME FACING OUT
AND STAND WITH YOUR
WEAPONS DRAWN.

MOMENTS LATER...

...A BEAM OF BLUE LIGHT BREAKS THROUGH THE FLOOR OF THE WAREHOUSE--A BEADY OF PERIL.

DON'T HARM US!
WE COME IN PEACE!

YOU LITTLE
MEREZEL. I ALWAYS
DID BELIEVE IN THE
DEATH PENALTY
FOR TRAITORS.

PLEASE--I'VE COME
ONLY TO SAY GOOD-BYE
AND RETURN WHAT IS
NO LONGER MINE.

I'M SORRY,
MORTE MAMME.
I WASN'T
WORTHY
OF BEING A
HARROWER.

I BELIEVE YOU.
SEAL THE PORTAL TO
HELL--THEN YOU MAY
APPROACH.

THE DOOR
CLOSES, AND
FOR THE
MOMENT, THE
DANGER
SUBSIDES.



OF COURSE
YOU WERE DUBLIN.
BUT YOU ALLOWED
OTHERS PULL YOU
DOWN.



...ONE I
JUST CAN'T
FROG UP.



RYAN,
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?



CARVING US A
PLACE IN HISTORY! RYAN
AND DUBLIN MOSE--THE
TWIN'S THAT HELPED DESTROY
A GODDESS!



MY SUCH A
RARE OPPORTUNITY--
TO BE SO CLOSE TO A
DIVINITY...



THE BLADE DRIVES DEEP INTO THEIR SHADED
BELLY, RIPPING OPEN A FRESH HOLE INTO HELL.



GLORY!

NO!



THE
LOOK ON YOUR
FACE...



MY HARROWERS,
THE SCALE HAS
BEEN TIPPED...

...THE WORLD
NEEDS YOU NOW,
MORE THAN EVER.

SHE'S
GONE.

THE KNIFE
THAT KILLED A
GODDESS, SUCH A
COLLECTIBLE.

AHHH---THE
WEAPON RETURNS
TO DUST...LIKE IT'S
CREATOR.

FFFT



MY POOR ORPHANED HARROWERS. HOW REWARDING IT WOULD BE TO ORCHESTRATE INDIVIDUAL HELLS FOR EACH OF YOU.

BUT MORTE MAMME WAS RIGHT, THE WORLD DOES NEED YOU NOW--



--TO SPREAD THE NEWS ABOUT HOW EVIL TRIUMPHED OVER GOOD ON THIS DAY.



IT WON'T BE A DIFFICULT JOB.

TERROR IS SO INFECTIOUS.

SORRY TO BE LOSING YOU MORSE TWINS, BUT THE LAST THING HELL NEEDS ANY MORE OF IS DAMAGED GOODS.

PLEASE, BELIEVE ME. I DIDN'T KNOW HE MEANT TO KILL HER!



HARD TO UNDERSTAND HOW HE COULD BE SO STUPID, BUT IT'S TRUE.

MASSACHUSETTS
GENERAL HOSPITAL.

YET AT THIS VERY MOMENT HIS LIFE
AS HE KNOWS IT--PITIFUL AS IT IS--
IS OVER.

THE GODDESS'
SEED OF
TRANSFORMATION
SPROUTS, AND
BLOSSOMS.

MARTIN HEULER'S OPER-
ATION WAS SUCCESSFUL.

LIFE BEGINS
ANEW.

WHAT'S WITH
ALL THAT THUMPING
AROUND IN THERE?

HEY KID!
HOW'D YOU
GET IN
THERE?

YOU LITTLE
IMP--THAT'S
MY WALLET!

HA-HA!

KNOCK
KNOCK

THE BOY RUNS NIMBLY
THROUGH THE MAZE OF
CORRIDORS TOWARDS
THE EXIT, HIS MOVEMENTS
SURE, ALMOST GUIDED.

WITHIN SECONDS,
FREEDOM IS HIS.

STILL-DAMP CLOTHES FROM
THE BACKYARD OF A SLEEPING
HOUSEHOLD PROVIDE MEAGER
PROTECTION FROM THE
NEW YEAR'S CHILL.

HE SNEAKS ABOARD A
TRAIN HEADED TO
NEW YORK CITY.

DEEP WITHIN,
SOMETHING PULLS.

BACK IN MANHATTAN,
IN A BAR ON THE
LOWER EAST SIDE...

WE'VE GOT
TO FIND SOME WAY
TO TELL PEOPLE
ABOUT THE GODDESS
--WHAT SHE STOOD
FOR.

HOW
WOULD SIX--
I MEAN FIVE--
MISFITS LIKE US
CONVINCE ANYBODY
SHE EVEN
EXISTED?

I STILL
CAN'T BELIEVE
SHE'S GONE.

THE DOCKS:
PIER 22...

WOULD
YOU WAIT FOR
ME MISTER? I
JUST GOTTA
GET SOME-
THING.

ONLY 'CAUSE YOU
PAID ME UP
FRONT.

WATCH
YOURSELF,
KID, THIS
AIN'T A SAFE
PLACE AT
NIGHT.

MORTE...
MAMME.

THE PULL
INSIDE
BECOMES
AN ACHE.

CENTRAL PARK,
ONE-THIRTY A.M.

THANKS,
YOU GUYS--
ZINC LOVED
THE PARK.

I'M SURE
THERE'S SOME
LAW AGAINST THIS.
OTHERWISE ONE
WOULD BE TRIPPING
OVER LITTLE HOME-
MADE CROSSES ALL
OVER THE PLACE.

ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE PARK, IN
SHEEP'S MEADOW...

AN UNSEASONABLY
WARM BREEZE
TUGS AT THE
BLOOD-STAINED
CLOTH.

HIS DUTY DONE, HE LIES
BENEATH THE BILLOWING
SHROUD...

...AND MIRACULOUSLY,
THE ACHE IS GONE.



HE WAS YOUR
BEST FRIEND, WASN'T
HE GAGE?

YUP.

AND HE
WAS...HE WAS
A HARROWER.

I BET HIS SPIRIT'S
STILL ALIVE OUT THERE
SOMEWHERE, JUST LIKE
THE GODDESS IS.

OH, COME ON.
WE MAY AS WELL
FACE IT. THE ONLY
PLACE ZING AND
THE GODDESS ARE
ALIVE...



...IS IN OUR
MEMORIES.



CHECK IT OUT.
WHERE DO YOU THINK
THEY'RE GOING, THIS
TIME OF NIGHT.

LET'S
FIND
OUT.



OH, MY
GODDESS!

WILL YOU
LOOK AT
THAT!

THOUGH IT IS THE MIDDLE
OF WINTER, A STRANGE SPRING
HAS COME TO CENTRAL PARK.
TEN THOUSAND CANDLES DRIVE
THE DARKNESS BACK, AND FOR
TONIGHT AT LEAST, HOPE IS IN
SEASON.

YOU KNOW WHAT
GANG? NO POWERS. NO
WEAPONS. MAYBE WE ARE
JUST FIVE MIGHTS. BUT
WE'RE NEEDED HERE.

TO TELL THESE
PEOPLE ABOUT
MORTE MAMME?

JUST LOOK
AT THEIR FACES!
THEY'LL LISTEN...

...AND THEY'LL
BELIEVE.

THE
END